

BIG GOO APPLE

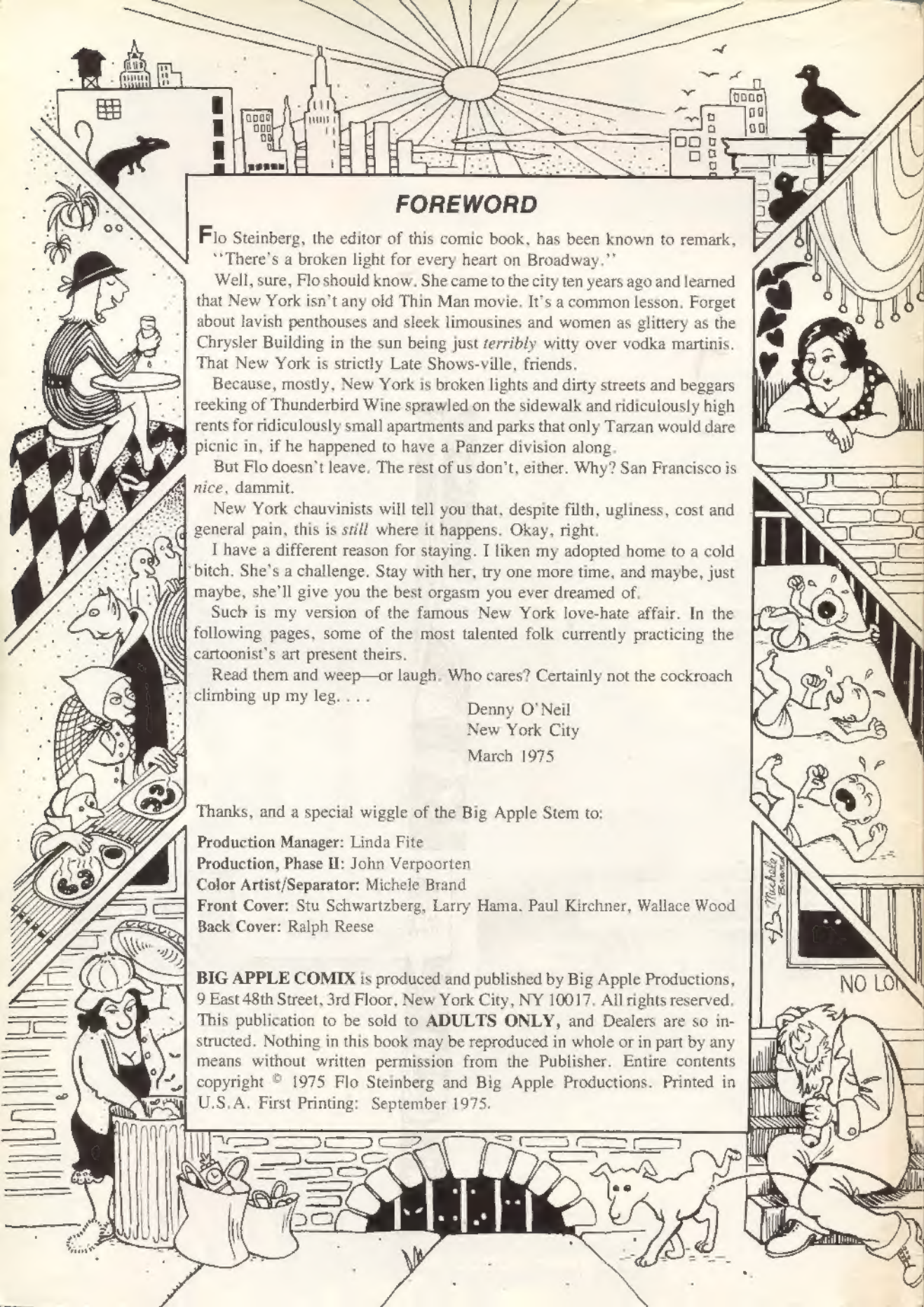
ADULTS
ONLY

ONE
DOLLAR

COMIX

OH, BOY!
IF IT ISN'T
ONE THING IT'S
ANOTHER!





FOREWORD

Flo Steinberg, the editor of this comic book, has been known to remark, "There's a broken light for every heart on Broadway."

Well, sure, Flo should know. She came to the city ten years ago and learned that New York isn't any old Thin Man movie. It's a common lesson. Forget about lavish penthouses and sleek limousines and women as glittery as the Chrysler Building in the sun being just *terribly* witty over vodka martinis. That New York is strictly Late Shows-ville, friends.

Because, mostly, New York is broken lights and dirty streets and beggars reeking of Thunderbird Wine sprawled on the sidewalk and ridiculously high rents for ridiculously small apartments and parks that only Tarzan would dare picnic in, if he happened to have a Panzer division along.

But Flo doesn't leave. The rest of us don't, either. Why? San Francisco is nice, dammit.

New York chauvinists will tell you that, despite filth, ugliness, cost and general pain, this is *still* where it happens. Okay, right.

I have a different reason for staying. I liken my adopted home to a cold bitch. She's a challenge. Stay with her, try one more time, and maybe, just maybe, she'll give you the best orgasm you ever dreamed of.

Such is my version of the famous New York love-hate affair. In the following pages, some of the most talented folk currently practicing the cartoonist's art present theirs.

Read them and weep—or laugh. Who cares? Certainly not the cockroach climbing up my leg. . . .

Denny O'Neil
New York City
March 1975

Thanks, and a special wiggle of the Big Apple Stem to:

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Production, Phase II: John Verpoorten

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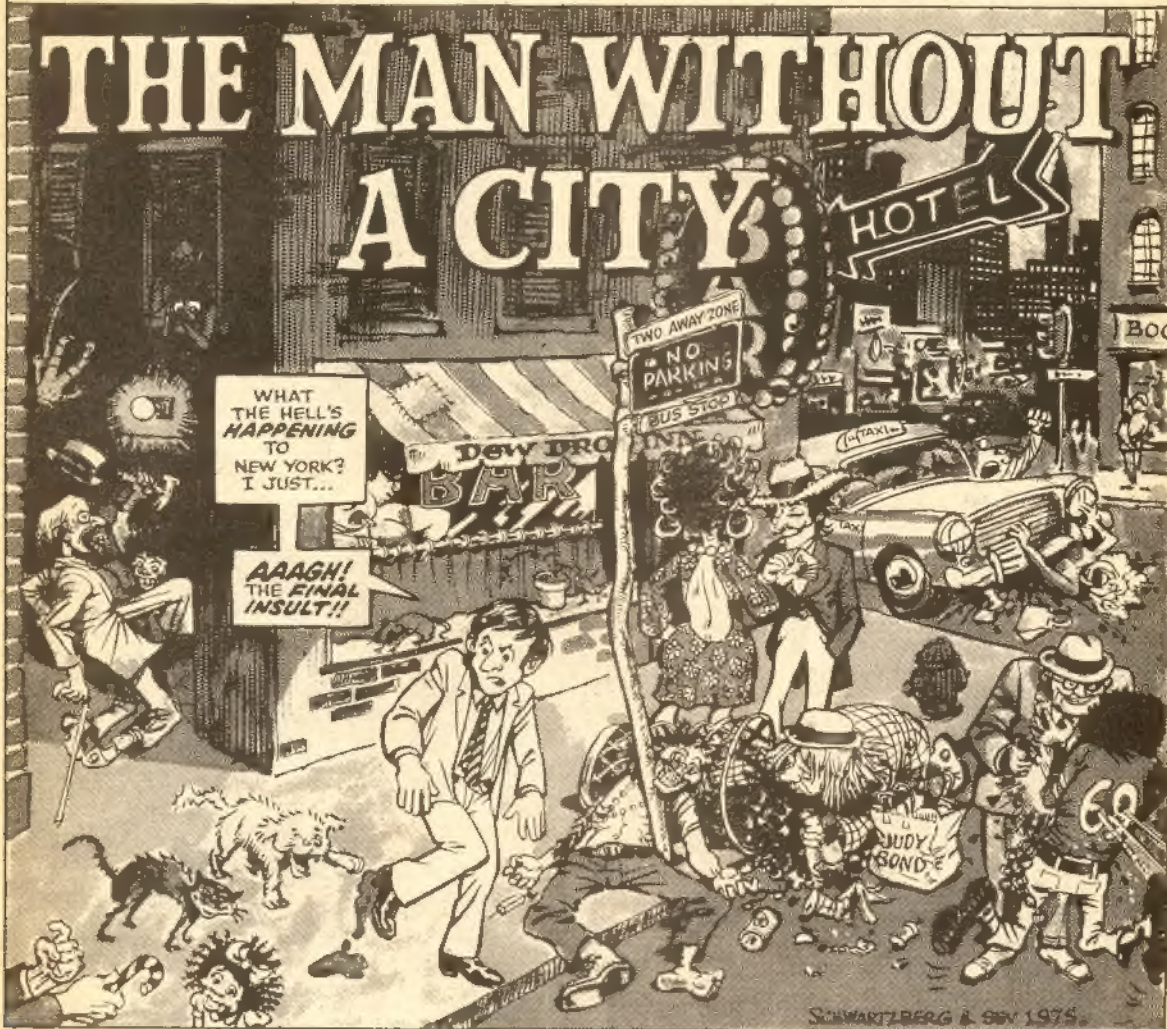
Front Cover: Stu Schwartzberg, Larry Hama, Paul Kirchner, Wallace Wood

Back Cover: Ralph Reese

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THIS STORY IS DEDICATED TO ALL THOSE WHO KNOW, LOVE, HATE, NEED, DON'T NEED, DON'T WANT, ARE STUCK IN, CAN'T DO WITHOUT... THE BIG APPLE - NEW YORK CITY. AND JUST THINK FOLKS, YOU'RE IN HERE SOMEPLACE... AND NOW ~

THE MAN WITHOUT A CITY



DAMN NEW YORK CITY! MAY I NEVER HEAR THE NAME OF IT AGAIN!

(GASP!)



HEY, MISTER - WE MAY BE PART OF THE LESS DESIRABLE ELEMENT IN THIS GREAT METROPOLIS, BUT WE DO HAVE SOME PRIDE IN OUR TOWN!

YOU IN BEEG TROUBLE, MAHN!



YER HONOR- THIS
HEATHEN, IN FULL VIEW
OF WITNESSES, DAMNED
NEW YORK AND PRAYED
NEVER TO HEAR ITS
NAME **AGAIN!**

(GASP!) WHAT
A **HEINOUS
CRIME!**

YOU'LL **GET** YOUR WISH! I SENTENCE
YOU TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE
TRAVERSING AMERICA- WEST OF THE
HUDSON-VIA AMTRAK! AND YOU SHALL
NEVER AGAIN HAVE CONTACT WITH
NEW YORK CITY!

KLOP!

**FAIR
ENOUGH!**

HERE'S A LOCAL
NEWSPAPER-
MINUS ALL
REFERENCES
TO YOU KNOW
WHERE!

"PHOENIX
PLANNING
NEW
STREET"?
(GROAN!)
**HAVE A
HEART!**

NO, I **CAN'T**
TELL YOU HOW
THE **METS**
ARE DOING,
BUT **THIS** IS
A NICE GAME,
ISN'T IT?

THE SAN DIEGO
PADRES VS. THE
HOUSTON ASTROS?
KISS MY ASS!

GUARD,
WHERE
ARE WE
HEADED
FOR
NOW?

FAIRBANKS,
ALASKA-
TECHNICALLY,
PART OF THE
UNITED
STATES.

Y'DIDN'T **KNOW** ALASKA
HAD ITS OWN PHILHARMONIC
ORCHESTRA, **DID** YA?

(GROAN!)

WAITRESS, I'LL START
WITH A
MANHATTAN-
THEN A BOWL
OF **MAN-
HATTAN**-
CLAM CHOWDER-
THEN A NICE
NEW YORK
CUT OF STEAK-
THEN A...

HAH! FOR
YOU A
DISNEYLAND
COCKTAIL,
PEORIA
PEA SOUP,
WEEHAWKEN
WIENER AND
BOSTON
CREAM PIE!

WOW!
EVEN THE
DINING
CAR IS
RIGGED
AGAINST
ME!

(SNIFF!)
**SORRY,
KID!**

HOW TO
BUILD
YOUR OWN
SKYSCRAPER

ONE DAY, IN KANSAS, THE TRAIN STOPPED TO PICK UP SOME TOURISTS WHOSE BUS HAD BROKEN DOWN.

THEY'RE FROM MISSISSIPPI. I TOLD THEM THEY COULD SETTLE IN NEARBY TOPEKA, BUT THAT ONLY SEEMED TO PANIC THEM.

I KNOW A FEW WORDS OF THEIR LANGUAGE—LET ME SPEAK TO THEM, CONDUCTOR.



THEY MISS THE ROLLING HILLS AND POVERTY OF THEIR HOME STATE AND WOULD SURELY DIE IF THEY COULDN'T RETURN.

OF COURSE! HOW FOOLISH OF ME! TELL THEM WE'LL TAKE THEM BACK HOME!



THIS INCIDENT SERVED TO MAKE THE PRISONER MORE EAGER FOR CONTACT WITH HIS HOMELAND OF NEW YORK!

...AND, IN 1985, THE GIANTS MOVED THEIR NEW YORK FOOTBALL TEAM TO CALIFORNIA. THREE YEARS LATER, AN EARTHQUAKE DUMPED CALIFORNIA INTO THE OCEAN!

GOOD! GOOD! TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE! HEH-HEH!

PULLMAN SERVICE



FINALLY... NEAR THE END...

PROMISE ME YOU'LL TRY TO SCAUGH HAVE ME BURIED IN NEW YORK...

I PROMISE.



...AND SO, AFTER SPENDING MOST OF HIS LIFE ON AMTRAK TRAINS, THIS POOR TORTURED SOUL, THIS WEARY EXILE, WAS FINALLY LAID TO REST IN HIS BELOVED NEW YORK.

I EVEN PULLED STRINGS TO HAVE HIM BURIED IN HIS OLD NEIGHBORHOOD!

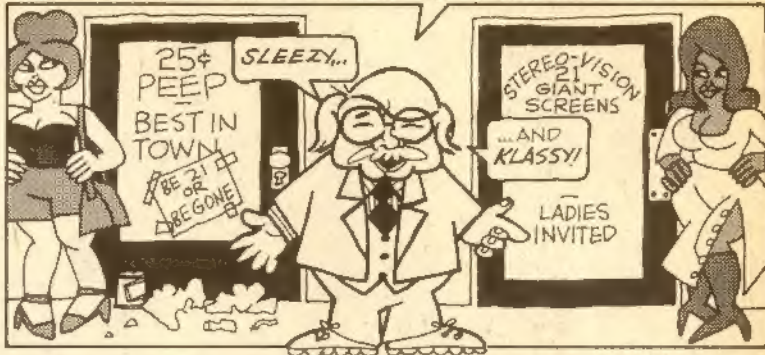


HEY, GANG! WELCOME TO THE **BIG APPLE GUIDE** TO...

PEEP SHOWS



OF COURSE, **SPACE LIMITATIONS** PREVENT OUR COVERING **ALL** THE MYRIAD WONDERS THAT ARE **PEEP SHOWS** IN NEW YORK. SO, WE'LL DEAL INSTEAD WITH THE TWO **BASIC TYPES...**

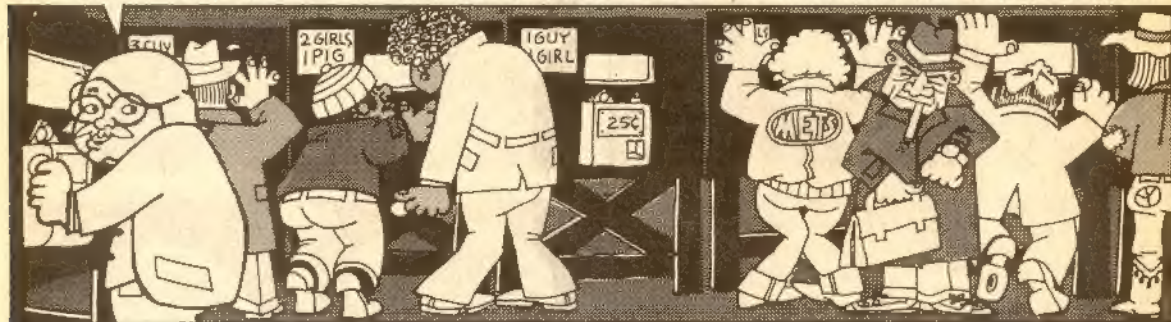


THE **SLEEZY** PEEP SHOW HAS USUALLY BEEN CONVERTED FROM THE SLEEZY BOOK STORE... **McLUHAN** CONFIRMED, IT IS DISTINGUISHED BY A CASHIER WHO IS ALWAYS TOO BUSY TELLING CRONIES OF HIS LATEST **BUST** TO MAKE CHANGE.

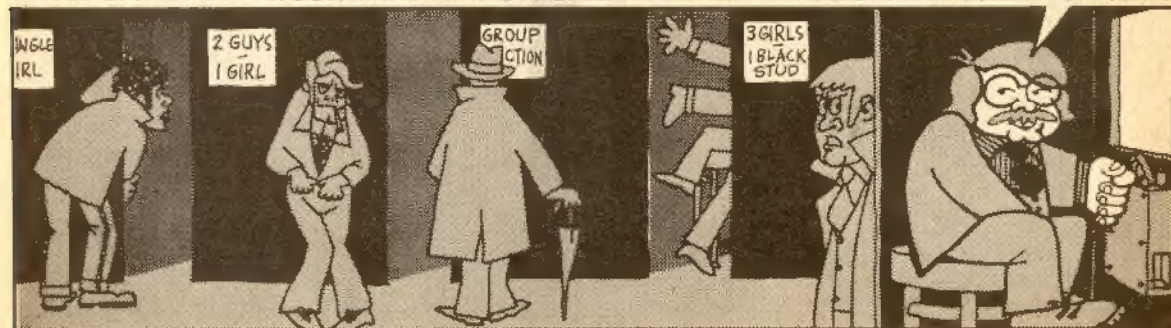
THE **KLASSY** PEEP SHOW TRIES FOR A **THEATER** IMAGE...IT **FAILS**, BUT IT TRIES. THE CASHIER IS HELPFUL, COURTEOUS... AND DESPERATELY ANXIOUS TO **COMPLETE** THE TRANSACTION SO HE CAN GET BACK TO **BONANZA RERUNS** ON HIS **SONY**.



THE **SLEEZY** PEEP SHOW IS **COMMUNAL**... YOU RUB **ELBOWS** WITH YOUR FELLOW VOYEURS. AT PEAK HOURS, YOU MAY EVEN RUB **MORE**. **25¢** GETS YOU **TWO MINUTES** OF VIEWING... **FOUR** OR **FIVE** SEGMENTS COMPLETE EACH FILM. PICTURE QUALITY IS **FUZZY**. PROJECTION IS OFTEN **DISTORTED**. BUT, AS **SUBJECT MATTER** IS PRIME CONCERN, COMPLAINTS ARE INFREQUENT.



THE **KLASSY** PEEP SHOW HAS DARKNESS AND **PRIVATE BOOTHS**! A **RED LIGHT** SIGNALS THE BOOTH IS OCCUPIED... AS DOES **HEAVY BREATHING**. HERE, FILMS ARE IN **EIGHT PARTS** OF TWO MINUTES EACH...BUT SCREENS ARE LARGE AND PICTURE QUALITY GOOD. NO **SQUINTING** IS NECESSARY. TO EASE EMOTIONAL STRESS, THERE ARE **BAR-STYLE STOOLS** TO SIT UPON. AND...THERE IS **MUZAK!**



THE BOTTOM LINE, OF COURSE, IS **WHAT** YOU SEE... AND THE SLEEZY PEEP SHOW HAS GONE **BEYOND** YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL SUCKING AND FUCKING.

HERE, FOR THE JADED LIBIDO, IS SADISM, MASOCHISM, SEX WITH ANIMALS... ALMOST **EVERYTHING** YOU EVER READ ABOUT IN A **PENTHOUSE** LETTER COLUMN.

UH... NATURALLY, STOPPING TO FEED A **QUARTER** IN EVERY TWO MINUTES... EVOKES FRUSTRATION, SORT OF **COITUS INTERRUPTUS** ON A RAPID-FIRE SCALE...



KLIK



KLIK



KLIK

THE KLASSY PEEP SHOW FILM IS GENERALLY LIMITED TO **HUMAN** DUOS AND TRIOS... AND THE MORE OR LESS **'NORMAL'** ORIFICES. AND WHILE DARKNESS AND PRIVACY...

...CONTRIBUTE **AMBIENCE**, YOU **STILL** ENDURE COMMERCIAL INTRUSION EVERY TWO MINUTES ... AND IT'S **HELL** TO ACCIDENTLY DROP A COIN ON THE **FLOOR**.

PLUS... INTERRUPTIONS OF A **DIFFERENT** NATURE ENTIRELY.



KLIK

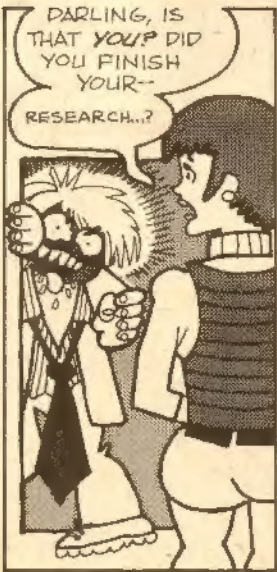


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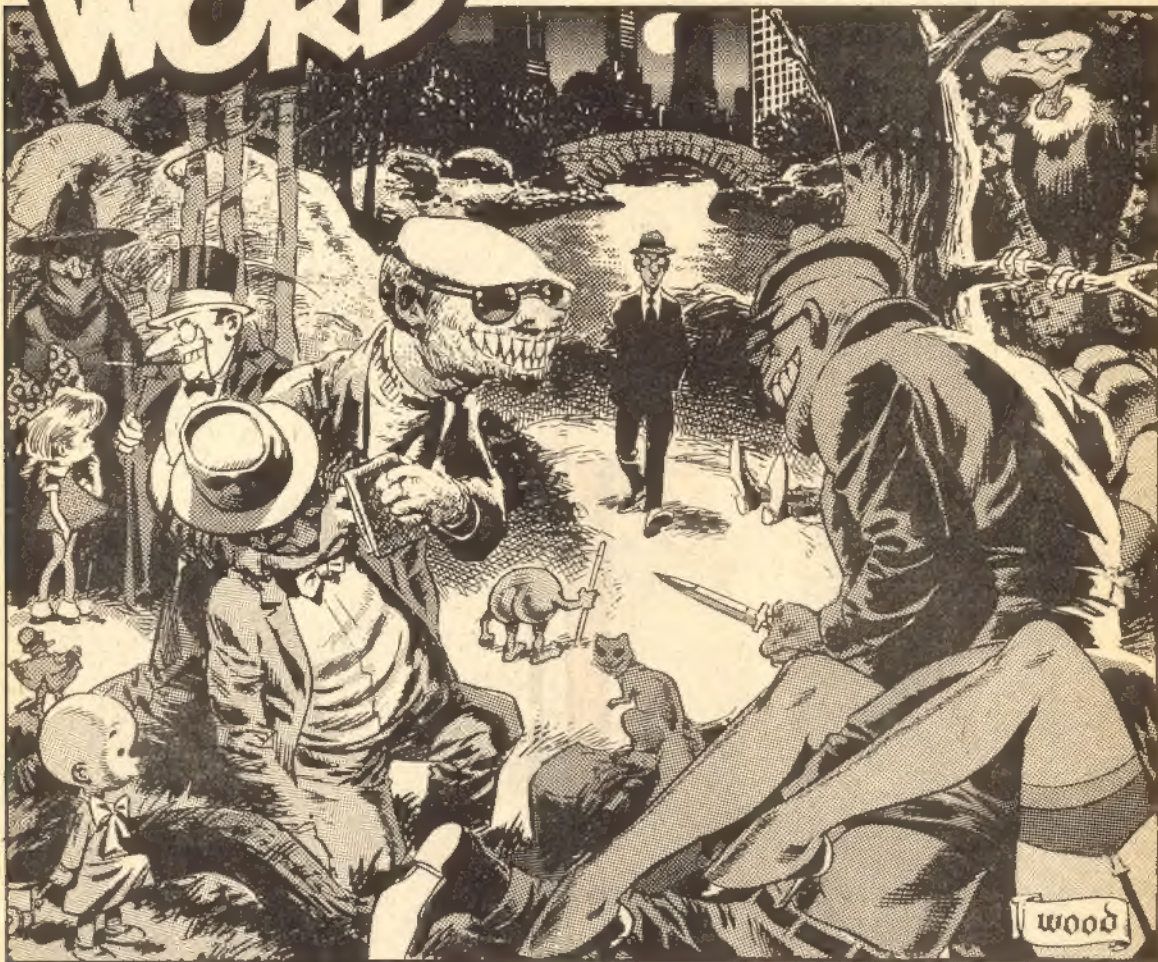
KLIK

CONSEQUENTLY, THERE MAY BE... **WIDE-RANGE EFFECTS**... OUR BRIEF ...PEEP SHOW STUDY CANNOT... **GAUGE**...



MY WORD

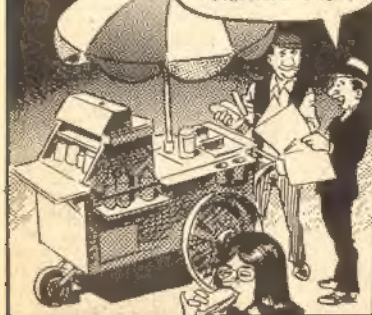
MY WORD IS FUN, AS IN FUN CITY, GOTHAM, BAGDAD ON THE HUDSON, SODOM ON THE GOMORRAH, OTHERWISE CALLED MUGGERSVILLE OR THE BIG APPLE. SOMETIMES I FEEL NOSTALGIA, A PANG OF HOMESICKNESS FOR NEW YORK (WHICH IS FUNNY, CAUSE I LIVE HERE!), THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE... WHAT? YOU DON'T BELIEVE LIVING CAN BE AN ADVENTURE? TRY WALKING IN CENTRAL PARK AT 2 A.M.! ANYWAY, SINCE I HAVE THREE PAGES IN THIS MAG, I'D LIKE TO COMMENT BRIEFLY ON THE UNIVERSE...



BUT MOST OF ALL NEW YORK, SIN CAPITAL OF THE WESTERN WORLD, CULTURAL MECCA, HOME OF THE MET AND THE METS, THE N.Y. TIMES AND "SCREW". BY THE WAY, WHAT-EVER HAPPENED TO 'GREAT RAY' IN THE EVO PERSONALS?

HEY! GET A LOAD OF THIS...

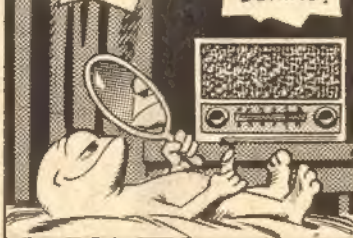
"I AM A CUNNING LINGUIST AND I WANT TO SNATCH A KISS!"



THOSE OF YOU WITH E.S.P. WILL HEAR THE THEME MUSIC IN THE BACKGROUND... YES, GORDON JENKINS... THAT IS, UNLESS IT'S DROWNED OUT BY TV OR A TALK SHOW ON THE NEW DIRTY RADIO...

"MY MOTHER IS HAVING AN AFFAIR AND EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT IT... INCLUDING MY FATHER..."

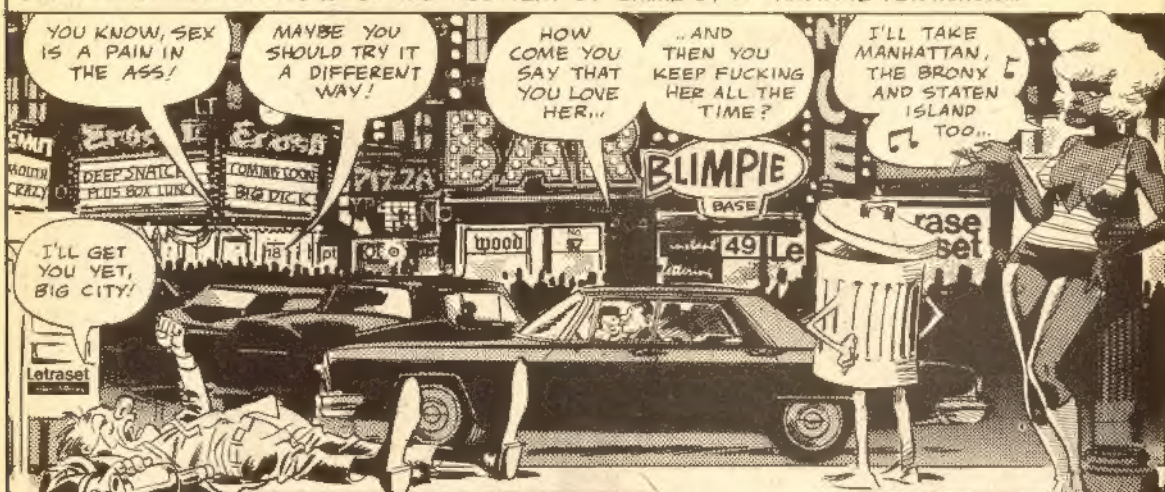
YES, THERE ARE 10 MILLION STORIES IN THE NAKED CITY... AND THEY'RE ALL BORING!



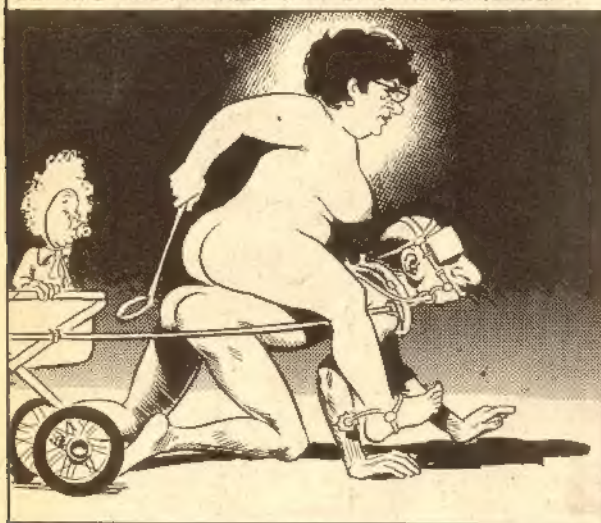
NEW YORK IS MORE THAN AIR POLLUTION AND COCKROACHES, MORE THAN CORRUPTION AND CRIME... MORE EVEN THAN LITTERING AND GRAFFITI. NEW YORK IS DOG SHIT! DOGS ARE SHITTING ALL OVER OUR STREETS!



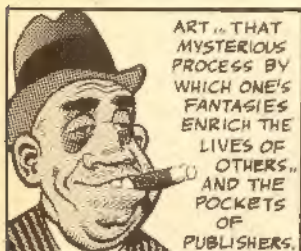
BROOKLYN ... THE CLOISTERS .. TIMES SQUARE, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS BEAVER VALLEY...THERE IS A
 THREAD OF HUMOR RUNNING THROUGH DAILY LIFE, AS IN THE OCCASIONAL GUN BATTLE BETWEEN TWO
 OFF-DUTY POLICE OFFICERS OR THE DISCOVERY OF CRIME BY A CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR...



I HAVE SEEN TRUE HEROISM, FOR THIS IS THE
 SETTING FOR ANOTHER TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE...



OF SACRIFICE AND SHARING, AND DAY-BY-DAY
 DISCOVERY AS THE INITIAL VIOLENCE OF
 INTENSE, PAINFUL EMOTION GRADUALLY IS
 ABSORBED INTO A MORE COMFORTABLE AND
 MUTUALLY FULFILLING SERENITY BASED ON
 RESPECT, CONSIDERATION AND DEVOTION...



BUT IT IS WORTH IT, FOR
 THERE ARE THE FANS...



ENTERTAINMENT...YES, MOVIES
 ARE BETTER THAN EVER...
 IN FACT, NOWADAYS EVEN IN
 THE BALCONY...



"IT'S ACTUALLY MORE FUN TO WATCH
 THE SCREEN THAN THE AUDIENCE!"



FREUD.. KINSEY.. MASTERS AND JOHN-
SON, ALL THE UNSUNG HEROES WHO
MADE US AWARE OF OURSELVES AND
STOPPED BEATING AROUND THE BUSH...



...YOU
MUST LOVE
YOURSELF
BEFORE
YOU CAN
LOVE ANY-
ONE ELSE.
BUT
HOW MANY
PEOPLE
REALLY
CAN?

HONESTLY,
DID YOU
EVER TRY
TO SEE
IF YOU
COULD..?
I ASKED
A WISE
MAN, AND
HE
REPLIED..



"IF I'D BEEN
ABLE TO, I'D
NEVER HAVE
DISCOVERED
GIRLS!"

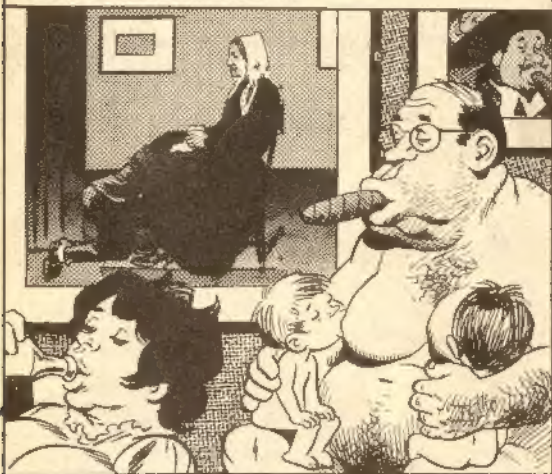
IT IS A TIME OF CHANGE, OF
REVOLUTION... OUR SEXUAL
MORES AND ATTITUDES ARE
REFLECTED IN OUR INSTITU-
TIONS, FOR EXAMPLE, THE
HUMBLE MASSAGE PARLOR...

RELAX, HONEY!
I'LL MAKE
YOU FEEL
GOOD..

BUT..
IT'S MY
SHOULDER..



MY WORD CAN BE MANY DIFFERENT WORDS...
AND EACH CAN HAVE MANY MEANINGS, OFTEN
INTERCHANGEABLE... YES, LADIES AND GENITALMEN,
IT IS A SUCCULENT SITUATION AND ORAL INTER-
COURSE DOES NOT NECESSARILY MERELY IMPLY
VERBAL COMMUNICATION...



MY WORD CAN BE HALF A WORD... MOTHER.



MY WORD IS YESTERDAY,
IT IS ALSO TODAY... IT IS
A SNARL, A SOB... IT IS
A SCREAM OF OUTRAGE,
A FUTILE GESTURE OF
DEFIANCE...

TO
WHOM
IT MAY
CONCERN

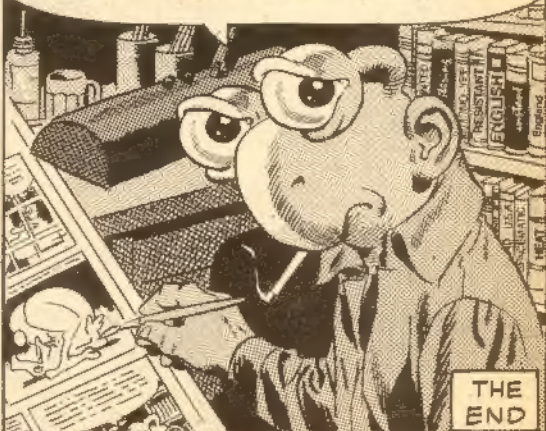


IT CAN BE TOMORROW
AND A LAST WORD, A
FINAL FAREWELL
MESSAGE TO THE
ENTIRE HUMAN RACE...

OKAY,
DO ME
SOMETHING
NOW, YOU
COCK
SUCKERS!



MY WORD IS THE WORD-I CHOOSE TO MAKE
IT, FOR I CONCEIVE IT IN MY MIND AND PUT
IT DOWN ON PAPER WITH A LOT OF SWEAT
AND LOVE AND SHIT LIKE THAT, FOR I AM A
TROGLDYTE. MY NAME IS spaton gool.



THE
END

Can you spot the New York Air breather?



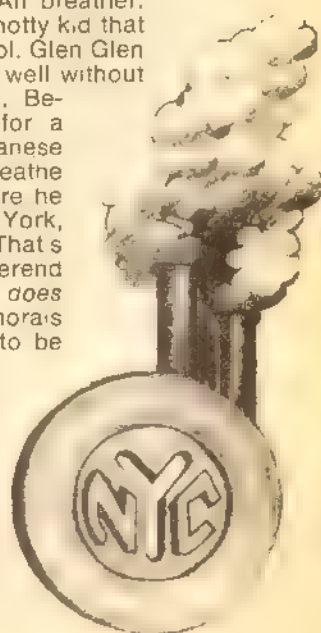
© 1975 Peachesky



Typical day in Gotham. And almost everyone has a gimmick. Find the New York Air breather. 1. No. Little Tommy Fink is such a snotty kid that he can't breathe anyway. 2. Nope. Col. Glen Glen Genn's space suit doesn't work too well without the rest of his life-support system. Besides, he's just passing through for a

ticker-tape parade. (He thinks there's still a stock market.) 3. Right! Our Japanese monster, Kojak, is so practiced in the art of mutation that he is able to breathe New York Air. He is a former resident of both Cleveland and Chicago, where he held the post of galloping gourmet. When asked why he moved to New York, Kojak quipped, "I wanted a city I could really sink my teeth into." 4. No. That's Cole Caine, pharmaceuticals salesman. His nose is negated! 5. Wrong. Reverend Summer Fall Winterspring's gauze mask doesn't do much to filter the Air. It does prevent his disciples from recognizing him as the chap who was up on a moral charge in London some years ago. 6. Wrong again. John Q. Public used to be running on New York Air. Now he's out of the running.

New York Air.
It's not for everybody
(but with the ability to mutate, it could be for you).



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Breathing Is Dangerous to Your Health

10 percent Oxygen 10 percent
water vapor 80 percent noxious gases

THE TUBE

It was in a trash strewn New York alley that Brad Bickford glimpsed the thing

HMMM LOOKS BRAND NEW I WONDER

Being somewhat of an amateur electronics expert he decided to take it home and

HEY!
IT WORKS!

WOW!
WHAT A
PICTURE
3D AND
COLOR!

IT'S LIKE
LOOKING
IN A
WINDOW!

COME!
I HAVE
WAITED
LONG.

SHE
SEEMS TO
BE LOOKING
AT
ME! HEY! WHAT
SHOW IS THIS
ANYWAY?

The screen grows until finally Brad is engulfed in the picture—a picture of alien splendor terrifying and beautiful.

YOUR
ARRIVAL
WAS FORE
TOLD.

WHAT IS THIS
PLACE? HOW—

LOOK
OUT!

Brad's earth muscles give him superhuman strength on the light gravity planet.

HE FIGHTS LIKE TEN MEN!

SURELY YOU ARE THE CHAMPION THE PROPHECY PREDICTED!

Soon

DO NOT BE ALARMED THAT'S OUR TRANSPORTATION TO THE PALACE

BUT THE THRONE IS EMPTY

THAT IS BECAUSE OUR QUEEN IS BEING HELD PRISONER BY THE MONSTER POLYMORPH!

LEGEND HAS IT THAT ONE DAY A HERO WILL RESCUE HER AND WEED HER YOU FIT THE DESCRIPTION!

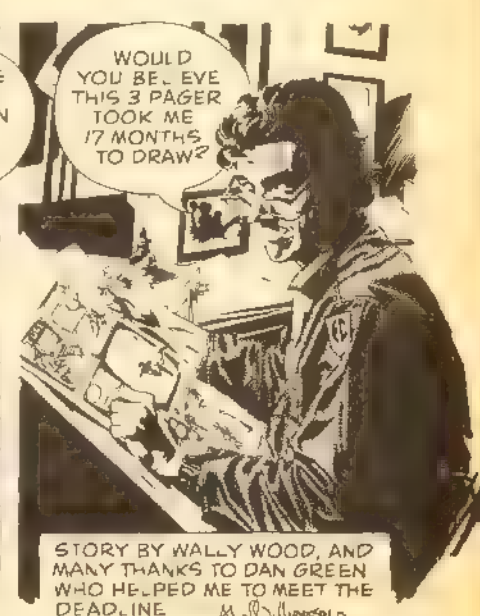
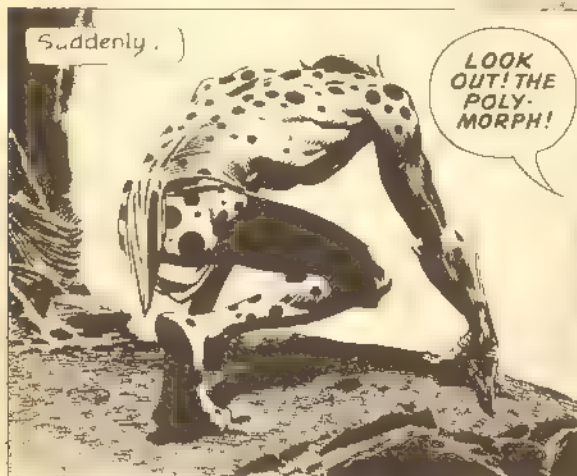
THIS IS THE SWORD OF A GREAT WIZARD.

WIELDED BY A TRUE CHAMPION IN A GOOD CAUSE IT HAS GREAT POWER

AND THIS AMULET WILL GUIDE YOU, AS YOU DRAW NEARER THE BEAST IT WILL GLOW BRIGHTER.



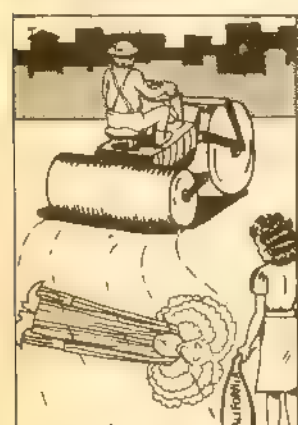
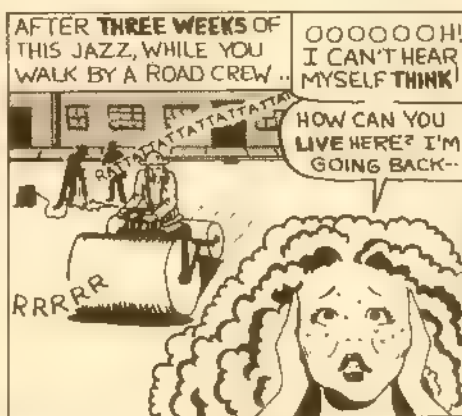
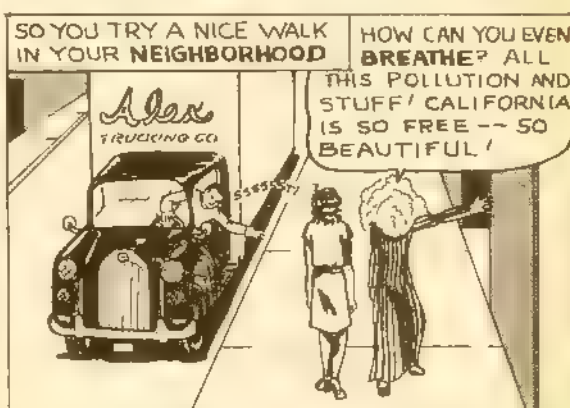
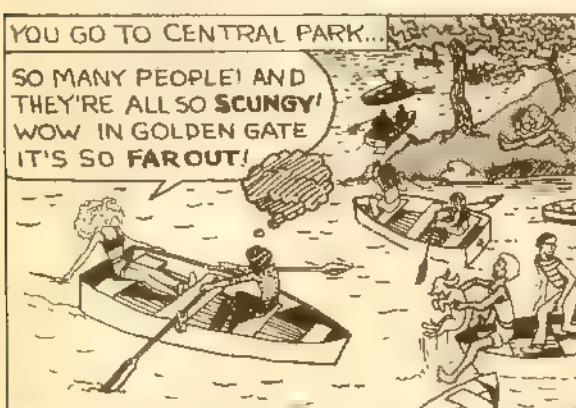
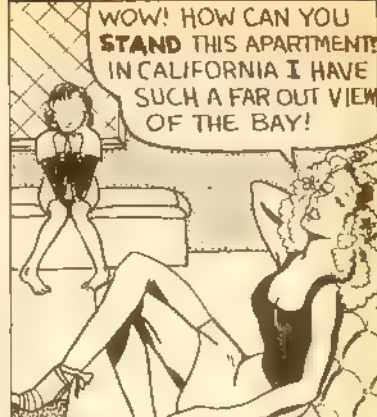
And so Brad sets out on his quest.



"A NICE PLACE TO VISIT, BUT..."

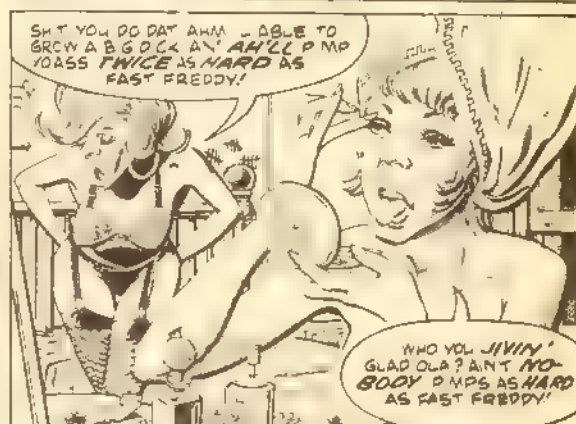
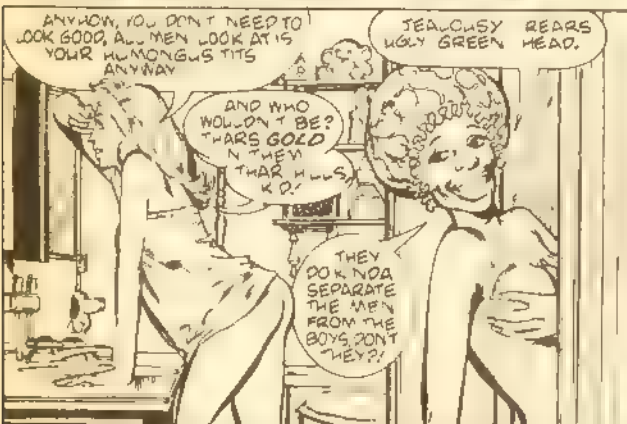
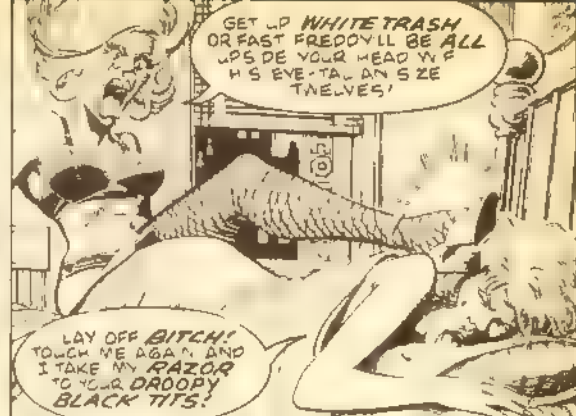
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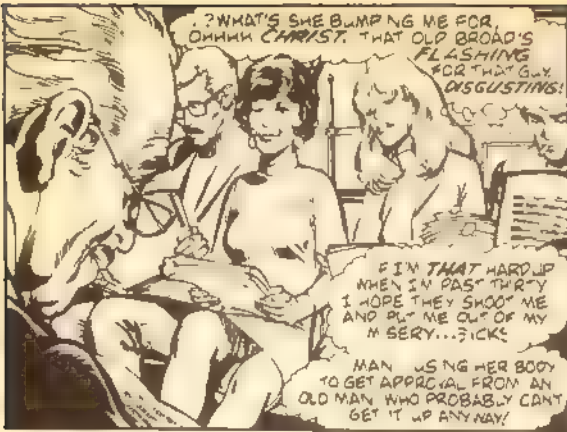
ALMOST EVERY NEW YORKER HAS HAD A VISITOR OR TWO FROM THE COAST.



OVER & UNDER







WHAT'S SHE BUMPING ME FOR, OHHHHH CHRIST, THAT OLD BROAD'S FLASHING FOR THAT GUY. DISGUSTING!

I'M THAT HARD UP WHEN I'M PAST THIRTY I HOPE THEY SHOOT ME AND PUT ME OUT OF MY MERRY...FUCK

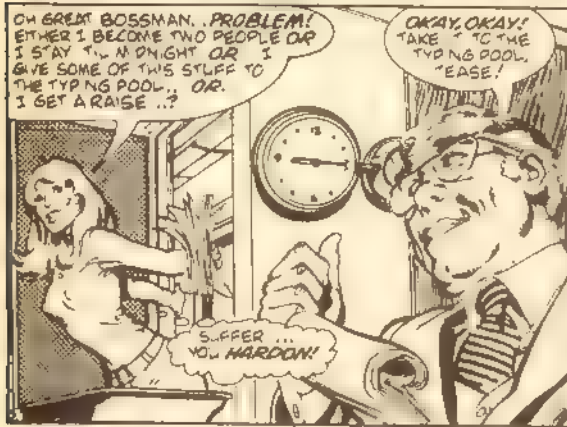
MAN USING HER BODY TO GET APPROVAL FROM AN OLD MAN WHO PROBABLY CAN'T GET IT UP ANYWAY!



DADDY, YO AIN'T TREATIN' YO GR-S RIGHT? WHY DON'T YOU PARTY W/ ME 'TOD GHT... I SEE KEEPIN' WARM FOR YOU DADDY!

OH CHRIST I THINK I'M BONNA PUK.

SHUT TO HOLD YOU SIMPLE ASS BITCH! SHE'S LIKE SUNDY CRAWLED UPDEER AND DIED



OH GREAT BOSSMAN.. PROBLEM! EITHER I BECOME TWO PEOPLE OR I STAY IN MIGHT OR I GIVE SOME OF THIS STUFF TO THE TYING POOL... OR, I GET A RAISE ...?

OKAY, OKAY! TAKE IT TO THE TYING POOL, PLEASE!

SUFFER... YOU HARDON!

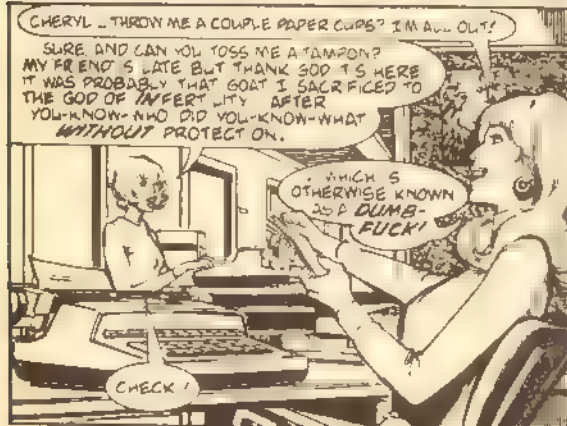


I BEEN BITCH. I WAS CRAWLING BY YOUR VERNES SHORT LAST N GHT AND I SEEN YOU BASH SOME SCRATCH N YO CITY BANK!

DUMB GUNT, DON LET YE CATCH YOU HOLD NOL! ON YE AGAIN NOW 'CAUSE I WILL COME DOWN HARD AN COLD! Y UNDERSTAN? AN DO. LET YE CATCH YOU FREAKIN OFF NID NO BASH DASSERS!

I GOT'S B S PLANS FOR YOU BABY. WHEN I GET'S MY HSH-TONE 'HOUSE' SON.

IF I GOTTA HEAR THE C MOLE RAP AGAIN I WILL SCREAM!



CHERYL... THROW ME A COUPLE PAPER CUPS? I'M A LITTLE OUT!

SURE AND CAN YOU TOSS ME A TAMPOON? MY FRIEND'S LATE BUT THANK GOD IT'S HERE IT WAS PROBABLY THAT GOAT I SACRIFICED TO THE GOD OF INFERTILITY AFTER YOU-KNOW-WHO DID YOU-KNOW-WHAT WITHOUT PROTECTION.

WHICH IS OTHERWISE KNOWN AS DUMB-FUCK!

CHECK!



GOT A DATE, HONEY? EY ASSHOLE, I'M TALKING TO YOU!

SLP ME ANOTHER RAG RUBY. AMN! OR DDPN ALL DOWN MAN LEGS!

ADULT BOOKS

SHUT GLAD YOU AN S GETTIN TRED OF SUP-PORT N NO BEAKY PLUMB



NOT HAVING A DANSH HARRY?

I TOLD YOU MY NAME'S NOT DANSH HARRY I JUST GOT THAT NICKNAME WHEN THE KENNEL CLUB NOTED ME GREAT DAME OF THE MONTH

COFFEE BREAK AND SNACK AFTER THE FOLKS STOOD R GHT UP

NO CUTE REPORTE ANWE ORDERING COFFEE BOY HAS SENSITIVE STOMACH!



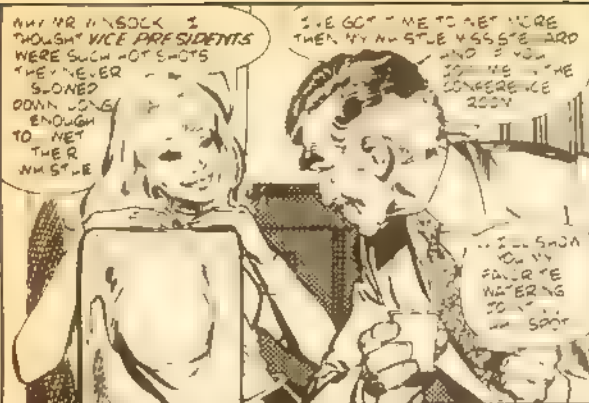
BACK TO THE BEAT GR-S! THE BEST WAS CRACKED ON

OK YE-WA GOTTA SWIN-I WILL DO YOU LATER WHEN I GET OFF.

ANALOGUE

I WILL BE LAYIN' FER YE SUGAR W GHS I CAN'T HARDLY WAIT TO BUSY W BEAK NER PEAK CANDY CUT!

AND GHT ANQSH! WE BROS I DON WANNA FEAR T... FCK N... CREEPS...



WHY THE HELL I'VE GOT 2 THOUGHT VICE PRESIDENTS WERE SUCH HOT SHOTS THEY NEVER SLOWED DOWN LONG ENOUGH TO MET THEIR MISTRESS

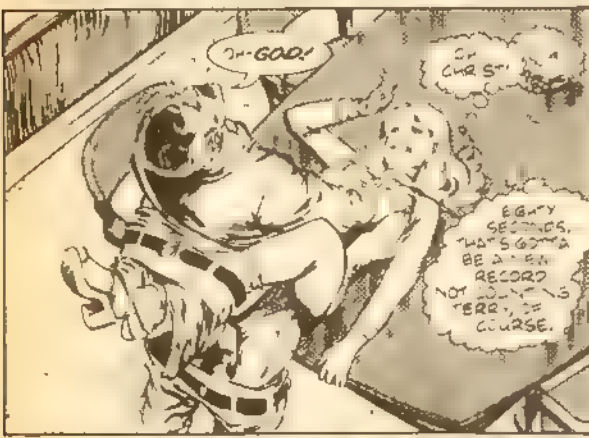
SHE GOT ME TO GET MORE THEN MY MISTRESS KESSE AND I YOU KNOW THE CONFERENCE ROOM

I'LL SHOW YOU MY FAVORITE WATERING SPOT



LOOK SUGAR I CAN'T AFFORD ANOTHER BUST MAYBE WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT

SURE HE CAN WORK BUT THE SARGEANTS SONNA HAVE A PIECE OF THE CREESE TOO



OH-GOD!

OH CHRIST

EIGHTY SECONDS. THAT'S GOTTA BE A NEW RECORD NOT COUNTING TERRY, OF COURSE.



TAKE IT EASY SARGE SHE'S 6' -- GOTTA BUCK OFF THE JOOTENANT AND THE DESK CLERK!

JEES-O OHMM

DUNNY UP YA SURE WE ALL KNOW REBUTT MAKE THIS ROUGH STUFF.

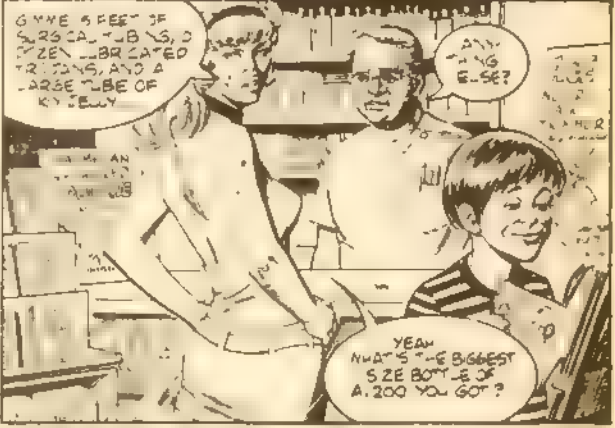


AFTER A LONG HARD WORK DAY

THAT PIECE GOES FOR 60 DOLLARS. AND LASTS ALL NIGHT

IF IT DOESN'T DO THE TRICK I WNDER IF I CAN EXCHANGE IT FOR SOMETHING THAT DOES LAST ALL NIGHT.

Bloomindales



GIVE ME 5 FEET OF SUGAR TUBES, 3 DOZEN UNBRACKETED TRIDONS, AND A LARGE TUBE OF KYJELLY

ANYTHING ELSE?

YEAH WHAT'S THE BIGGEST SIZE BOTTLE OF A.200 YOU GOT?



WOULD YOU LIKE WHITE WINE OR RED?

WELL THAT DEPENDS ON WHETHER YOUR GOING TO FEED THE ABS WANK OF YOUR FRESH YEAT OR IF YOUR GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH A WIMPISH

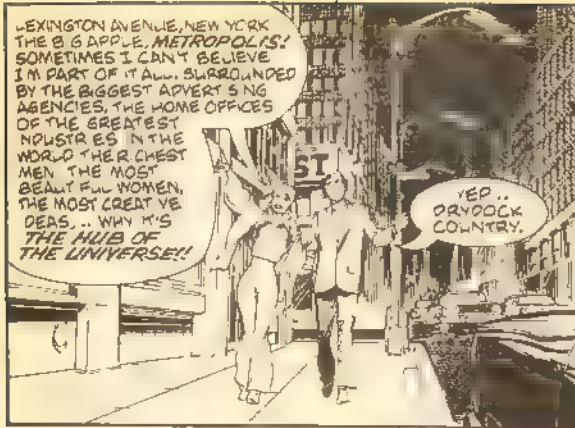


YOU WANT GRAPE OR ORANGE NOYER SC-I-AN?

WELL IF WERE GOING TO DROP THOSE JUDES IT'D BETTER HAVE ORANGE...

THAT GRAPE SODA LOOKS NASTY WHEN T COVES UP...

HOWZABOUT A 6'5" LONG WEYER BETWEEN YOUR BUNGS, LADY?



LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK
THE BIG APPLE, METROPOLIS!
SOMETIMES I CAN'T BELIEVE
I'M PART OF IT ALL... SURROUNDED
BY THE BIGGEST ADVERTISING
AGENCIES, THE HOME OFFICES
OF THE GREATEST
NOUSTRÉS IN THE
WORLD, THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN,
THE MOST GREAT VÉ
DEAS... WHY IT'S
THE HUB OF
THE UNIVERSE!!

YEP..
DRYDOCK
COUNTRY.



I GOT A GREAT NIGHT PLANNED OUT, ANGEL CAKES --
SKEE-BAA... FASCINATION WINDOW SHOPPING FOR SWITCH-
BLADES, A SNACK AT NATHAN'S AND A BIG WIND-UP
DOWN AT 'BLOOD'S'
CRIB OVER BY FORTY-
FENCE.

HOPE HE'S
GOT SOME GOOD
BLOW..



OH HARRY, IT'S
THE REAL PEOPLE!



SWT. MUST BE A
STONE MOTHER FUCKER!
EVERYBODY'S NODDED
OUT!

W G R S..
HOW'S TRICKS?

FUGG N
COMED-
IANS



WHERE
TO?

IF THAT'S YOUR
SPORTSCAR
YOU CAN TAKE ME
ANYWHERE
YOU WANT

WHAT SAY
WE TOO-AROUND
FOR A WHILE
AND THEN
STOP AT MY
PLACE?

IF WE'RE GONNA
'TOOL' AROUND, LET'S
GO STRAIGHT TO
YOUR PLACE.



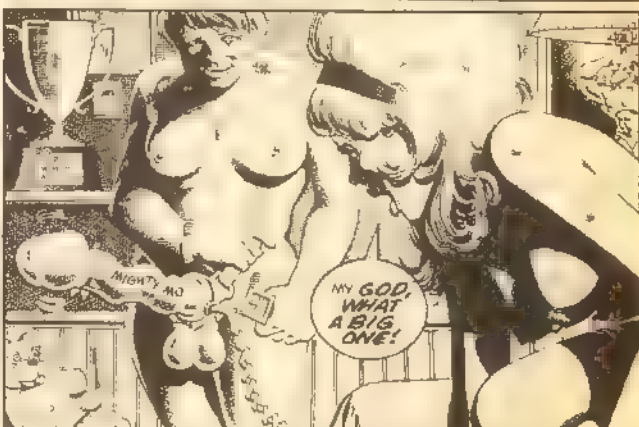
WADDA YA SAY
WE FALL BY MY
PLACE SOZE I
CAN TONGUE
YOUR CREAMY
LITTLE COOZE
IN PRIVATE..

FUCK N 'A'

G R G R G R ..



MY GOD,
WHAT
A BIG
ONE!



MY GOD,
WHAT
A BIG
ONE!

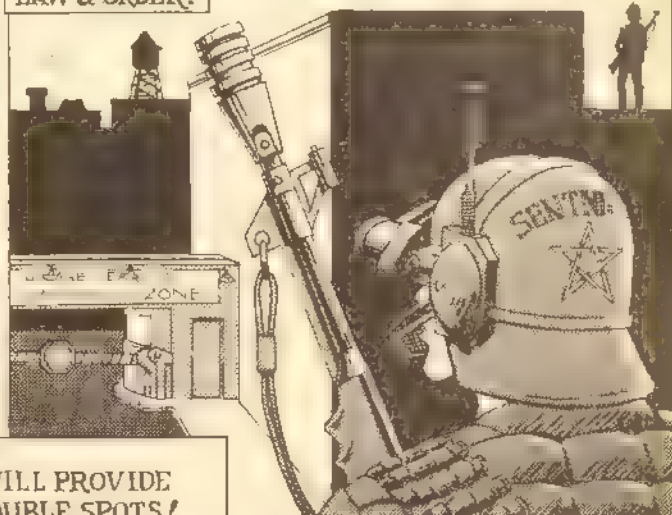
NEW YORK CITY: THE FUTURE

NO ONE WILL WALK THE STREETS UNARMED...



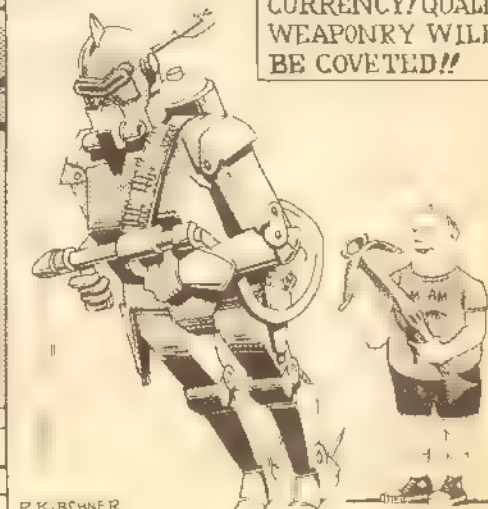
SHOOT-OUTS WILL BECOME COMMONPLACE...

HIGH-CRIME AREAS WILL BE WALLED-OFF... SENTINEL SNIPERS WILL GUARD THE BORDERS OF LAW & ORDER!



LICENSED BODYGUARDS-FOR-HIRE WILL PROVIDE PAY-AS-YOU-GO PROTECTION IN TROUBLE SPOTS!

LIVE AMMO WILL BE THE ONLY VALID CURRENCY! QUALITY WEAPONRY WILL BE COVETED!!



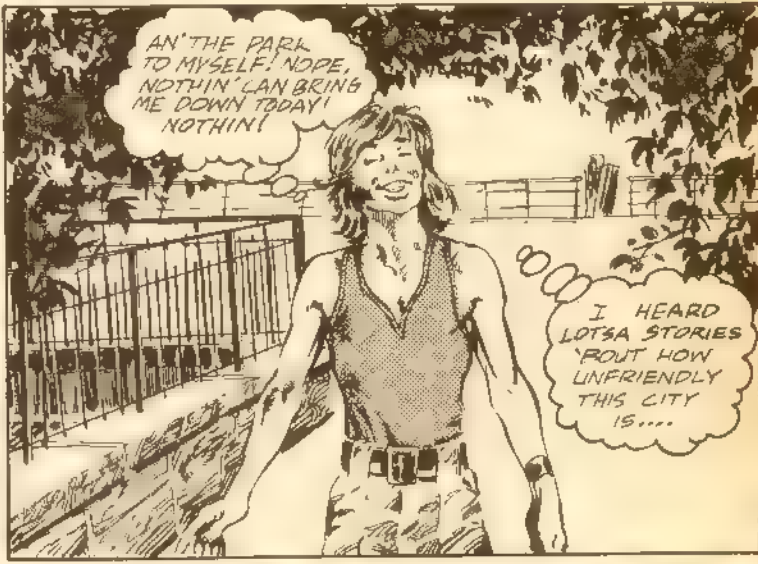
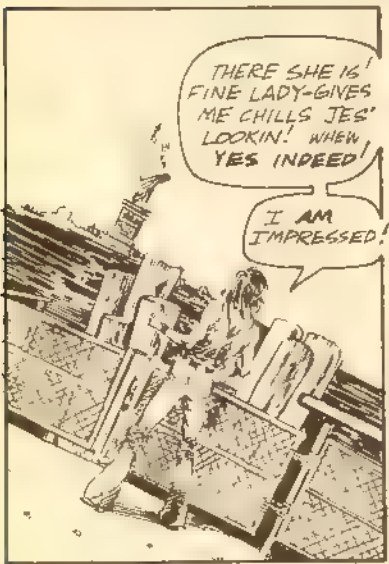
P. K. RICHNER



FIRST DAY IN TOWN FOR
YOUNG GENGHIS GREEN,
FRESH IN FROM JAWBONE
ARIZONA! FIRST STOP BATTERY
PARK, TO TAKE A LOOK AT
MISS LIBERTY-AND LIKE THE
SONG SAYS, "NEW YORK, NEW
YORK, IT'S A WONDERFUL TOWN,
THE BRONX IS UP, AND....."

THE BATTERY'S DOWN

By: Alan Weiss - Letters: Howard Weiss '74





DON'T WANNA
THINK 'BOUT NIXON,
VIETNAM, WATERGATE,
OR NOTHIN' SO
DEPRESSIN'!

LIKE WHEN I WAS
NINE! JUST GOOD
AMERICAN PATRIOTIC
STUFF!

LIKE
PAVY
CROCKETT,
ANDY JACKSON,
OL' GEORGE
WASHINGTON!

TIME WAS
WHEN WE
COULD BE
PROUD, NOT
EMBARRASSED.

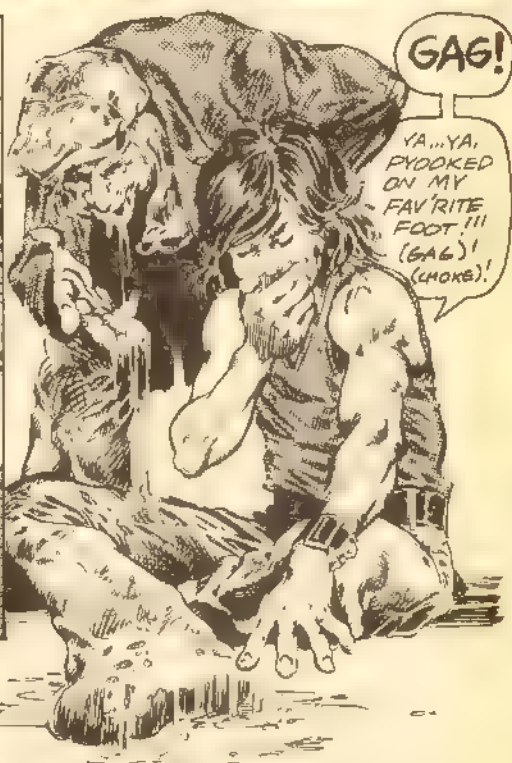


I'LL JES'SIT
HERE UNDER
THIS FINE EAGLE...

AN'BE NINE
YEARS OLD
FOR A
WHILE!

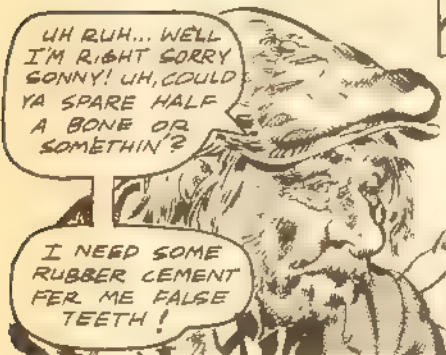


WHAT
THE
HELL?



GAG!

YA...YA,
PYDOKED
ON MY
FAV'RITE
FOOT!!!
(GAG)!
(CHOKS)!




UH RUH... WELL
I'M RIGHT SORRY
SONNY! UH, COULD
YA SPARE HALF
A BONE OR
SOMETHIN'?

I NEED SOME
RUBBER CEMENT
FER ME FALSE
TEETH!

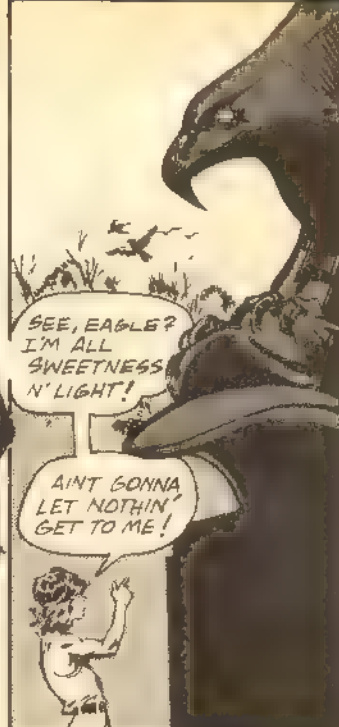
'EAH, WELL, YA
INSINUATED YERSELF
UPON MY MID-AFTER-
NOON REVERIES...

NOW I AINT
GONNA GET
MAD! JES'
LEMME BE!



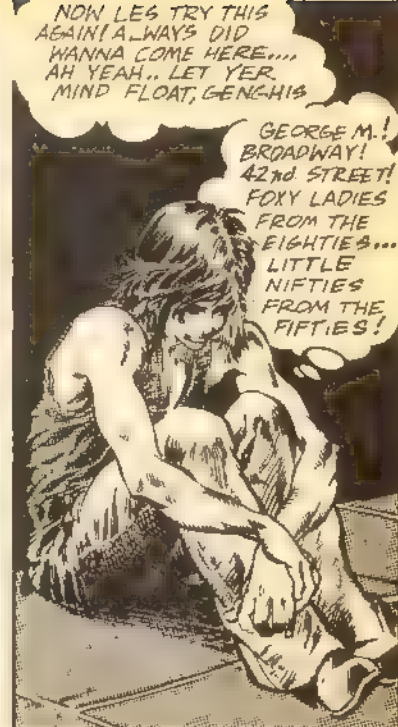
BUT I KIN'
REALLY USE
SOME... UH,
MOUTHWASH 'Z

OLD 'EMMA
MEMSTER'S
DROOL
MOVEMENTS
MY BRAND!
NO?
HOPE GOD
PUNISHES
YA... FAGGOT-
drool, slurp...



SEE, EAGLE?
I'M ALL
SWEETNESS
N' LIGHT!

AIN'T GONNA
LET NOTHIN'
GET TO ME!



NOW LES TRY THIS
AGAIN! ALWAYS DID
WANNA COME HERE...
AH YEAH... LET YER
MIND FLOAT, GENGHIS


GEORGE M.!
BROADWAY!
42ND STREET!
FOXY LADIES
FROM THE
EIGHTIES...
LITTLE
NIFTIES
FROM THE
FIFTIES!



HEY!

WHAT DA
HELL IS
THIS?!
WHA'?

'ATS MAH
LAIG, SWEET
WHITELIN', IT...
AN' OTHA 'CHOICE
PARTS, HAPPENS
TA BE FOR
RENT!



YA TALKIN WIT'
'SUCKY WHITEWATER,
FLOWER OF 183rd ST.
AN' AH'D LAK TA BE...

YO'MAIN
SQUEEZE
FUH A
BOWTA
OWAH!

FUH SOMEONE AINT'
INTRASTED -YO' LIL'
WHITE PAW IS HOVERIN'
DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TA
MY LEFT VEG'TABLE
APPENDAGE !!!

WHAT A
SCENT!

I CAN
ACTUALLY
FEEL MY
NOSTRIL
HAIRS!
WILT!



CAINT
YA SEE
I'M...
BUSY?!

CAN'T YA SEE
I'M HAV'N' A
SEM-RELIGIOUS
EXPERIENCE?!!

WELL, SAY UH,
SKYOOZ ME! AH
HOPE YA DON'T
GET YA REELINUS
EX-PER YANCE
ALL OYAH' YO'
PANTS!



C MON, C MON, BENGHIS
OL BOY- A BIT OF WILL
POWER! THINK NOW! THINK!
CALM DOWN!
CALM DOWN
CALM DOWN
... whew!



YEAH, O.K.
THE DREAMS
OF INNOCENCE...
SIT AN' BE
CALM!

OKAY!
AIN'T GONNA
LET T BRING
ME DOWN-
HJH, EAGLE!



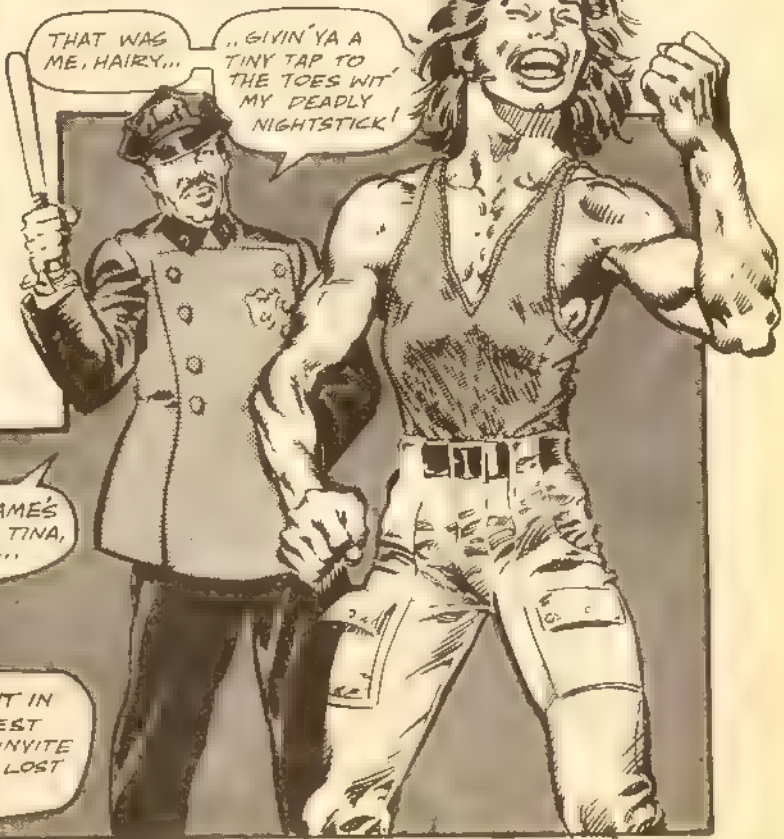
AAAAARRRRrr!!

2 MINUTES
LATER...

OW?!
WHAT?!

THAT WAS
ME, HAIRY...

..GIVIN' YA A
TINY TAP TO
THE TOES WIT'
MY DEADLY
NIGHTSTICK!



THE NAME'S
OFFICER TINA,
PUNK...

... AN' WE DON'T
LIKE FURRY VAGRANTS
DETRACTIN' FROM
THE VIEW...

... AN' A SARGEANT IN
NEW YORK'S FINEST
DON'T POLITELY INVITE
FREAKS TA GET LOST
MORN ONCE!

SARGEANT TINA! JEEZIS!
GODDAMN OINKER!! AN ALL
I WANNA DO IS GET PATRIOTIC!

I... HEY!
WHATSTHAT
SOUND?!

S'ME! DOWN HERE! NAME'S
OREGON GONOREEN! NOW
DEY CALL ME
"SKATES!" I WUZ
A INNOCENT
STANDBYER
(COFF) AT...

... AT DA GREAT
ROLLER DERBY
DISASTER
OF '53...

SQUIT
SQUIT
SQUEAK
SQUEAK
SQUEAK

SKREEEEH !!

HEY!
WAIT!

WEIRDOS! FINKS!
DWARFS! PHONIES
AND FROGS!!!!
**FUCK OFF YA
ROLLIN' CREEP!!**

HOLY-JEEZIS!!

JEEZ' AIN'T SAFE FER
A GUY TA ROLL DA
STREETS NO MORE!
LONGHAIRS ROAMIN'
ROUND WIT DEY
CONSCIOUSNESSES
EXPANDED!

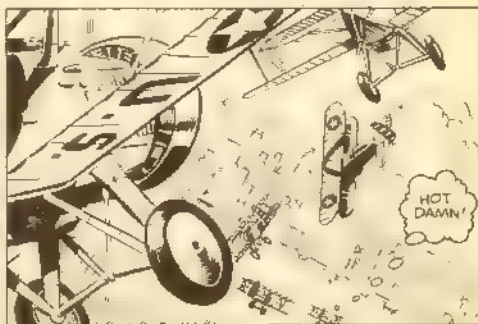
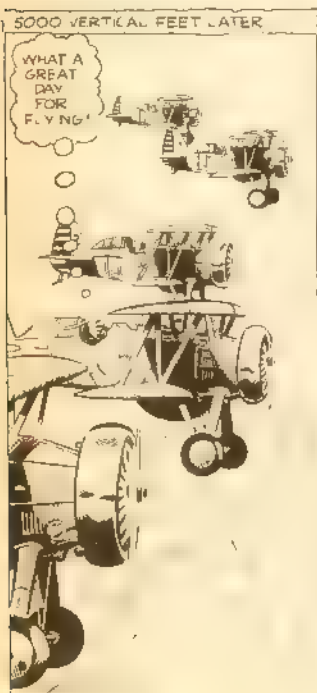
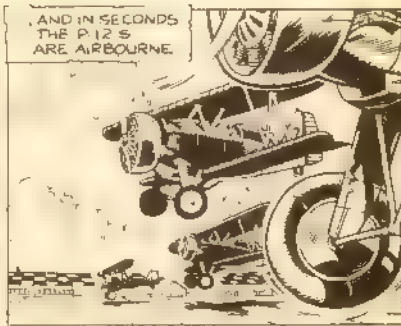
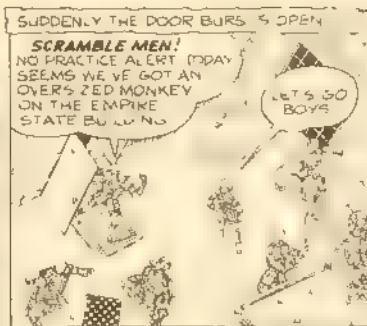
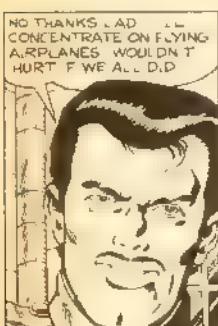
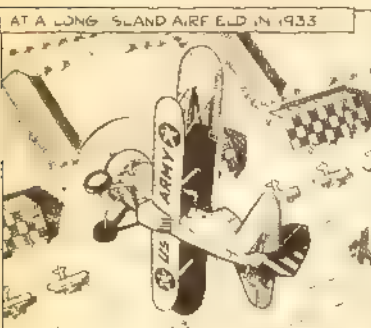
I ANT GONNA
LET THIS CITY...
THIS GODDAMN
CITY BRING
ME DOWN!!!

LUCKY
I GOT
HIS WALLET
BEFORE HE
KICKED ME!

END

LOTS A YOX *Featuring* / **RODGER FARNSWORTH USAAF**

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY HERB TRIMPE / INKED BY WALLY WOOD



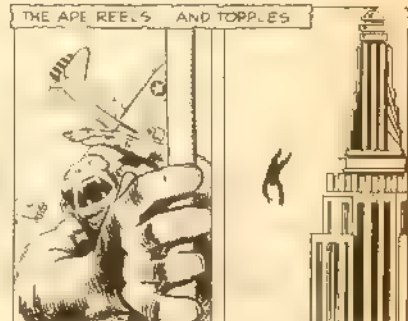
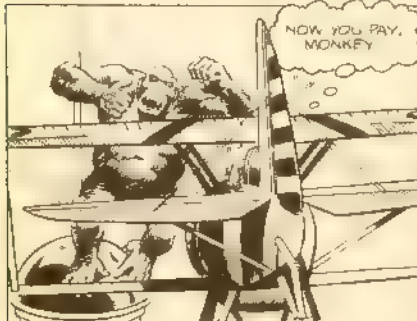
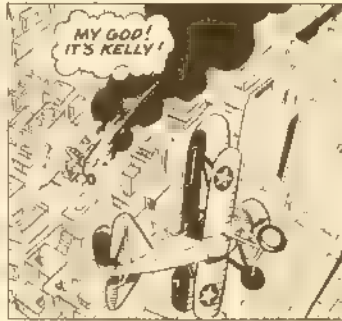
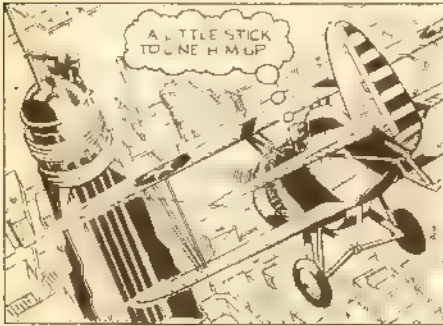
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LOTS A YOX

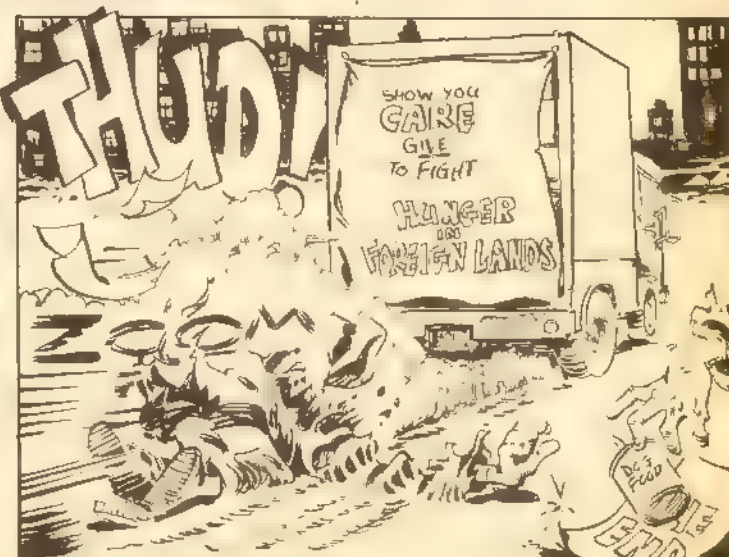
Featuring

RODGER
FARNSWORTH
USAAF

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY HERB TRIMPE / INKED BY WALLY WOOD

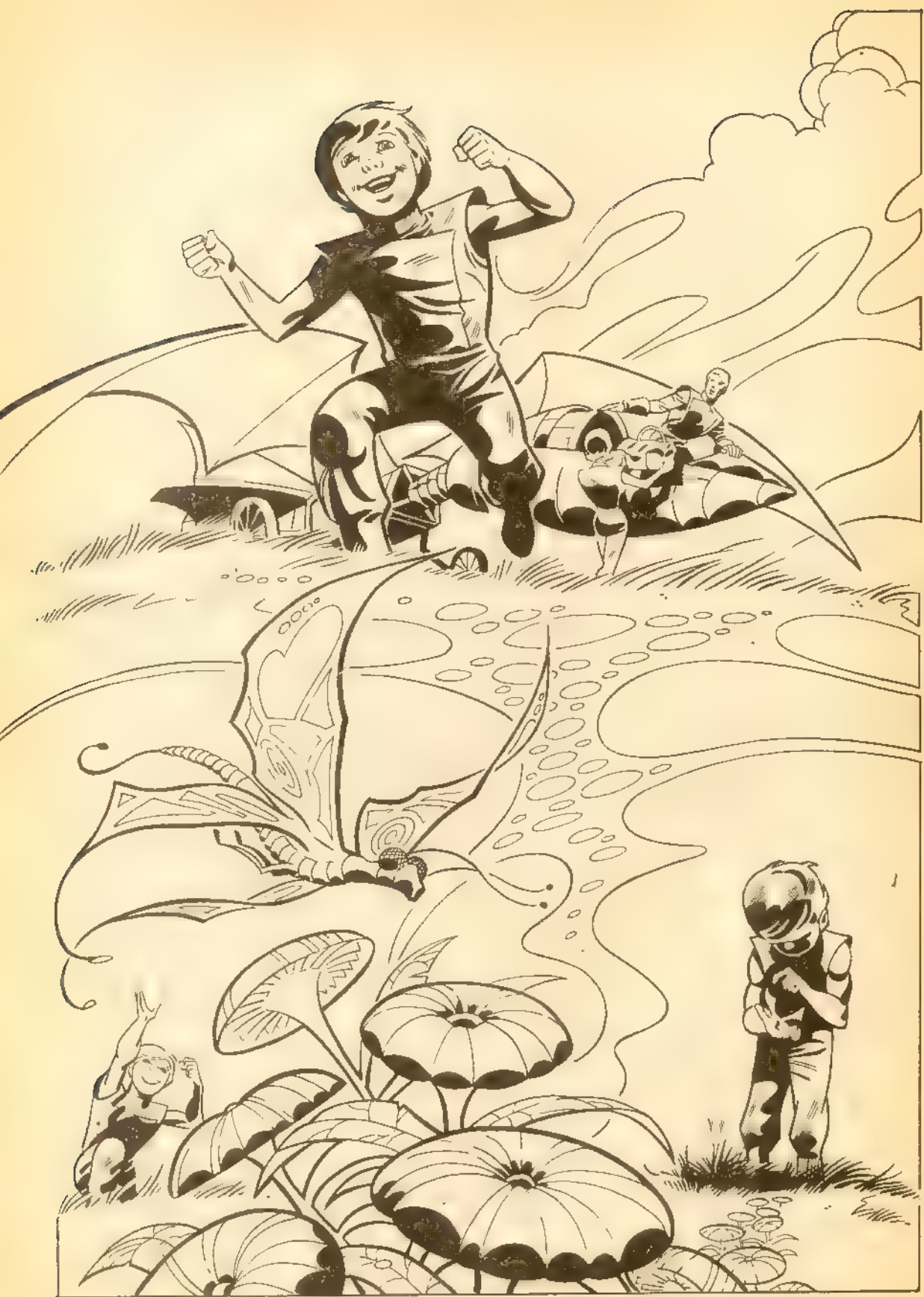








Herb Trimpe







THE ELDERS SAY THAT, MANY YEARS AGO, WHEN THE
SUN WAS SMALL IN THE SKY, THERE WAS ONCE
A HUGE CITY OCCUPYING THE VERY SPOT
WE WALK ON NOW...

... THE LEARNED ONES SAY THAT IT IS MERELY MYTH,
BUT SOMETIMES, ONE MAY FIND THINGS HERE

"... this city, this mischievous and marvelous monument which not to look upon would be like death." —E. B. White



"New York is a sucked orange." —Ralph Waldo Emerson

BACKWORD

Well, that's it—BIG APPLE COMIX. Much has gone into its making: hard work, thought, and a lot of affection. It has truly been a labor of love laced with paranoia. The interpretations differ, yet the sharp edges and harsh points are softened by all that has been gained. For good, for bad, for whatever—we feel a poignant bond to our city, certainly the most fascinating, irrational, egotistical, decadent, eccentric, eclectic, brash, and frisky metropolis in the world, the glorious or inglorious (as you prefer) epitome of the word, "city." We alternately curse and praise our Big Town, our Big Dirty, our Big Apple; but, in the end, New York City is ours and from it is received a vitality, a life force, found no other place. We hope you have felt the spirit that pervades this book and hope you have been touched by it as well.

Ad Astra!
Flo Steinberg



HI THERE! I'M
PARANOIA!



Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Big Apple Comix

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Stories:

- 2 - Foreword
- 3 - The Man Without A City
- 6 - Peep Shows
- 8 - My Word
- 12 - The Tube
- 15 - A Nice Place To Visit, but...
- 16 - Over & Under
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Comments:

Groundlevel-ish, by New Yorkers about New York City.